

The last volume added to the list of Barperi' Contemporary Essaylets is one clar ing the authorship of Heary Cabot Lodge United States Senator. In the present values there are nine essays and the first of them "Certain Accepted Herces," is the source from which the book borrows With the exception of the last ereas in the book they have all heretofore appeared in periodicals: Scribner's, the Cosmopolitan, and the North American Beview The titles of the nine essays are "Cerisin Accepted Beroes." "The Last Plantagenet," "Sha kespeare's Aneri-carrisos "Unatterton," "Fr. Holmes," "A Liberal Education," "The Borne of the Cabota," "British Elections," and "Our Foreign Policy

They are all examples of ripe scholar ship and the flow of a graceful and force ful pen. The first three have a strong attraction for the student of belleslettres. Without impending the positive value of the others, it is, nevertheless, these that gladden the student's heart that they have been rescued from the oblivious of magnetine files and now graduate to the dignity and permanency of bookdom, where we may lay hands on them readily. In these three essays Mr. Lodge reflects what is said to be the satient characteristic of our

age, and that is enuncipation.
In "Certain Accepted Heroes" he takes up arms against Achilles and other Homeric better, and, with the sling of histor and the pebbles of facts, he actually vanquishes the heretoface pre-eminent Greek He makes out a had case for Homeric hero-ion, Which really seems to have lacked all pobling characteristics Which weattribute to it. As Mr. Lodge points out. W have mistakes the magnificence of the poons for the magnificence of the fully considered it would send us all back to our Homers to find that Achilles, though strong and an important chief, was a pouter, a suiter, a vindictive traiter. smoot an anassally brutal savage of col lossed strength, treacherous and ornel ready to sacrifice Priends for a quarrel over spoils, utterly devoid of generosity toward his foes; and not particularly brave. bero, with a vengeance.

The last Plantagenet is, of course, ict and 171. This essay of Mr. Lodge Richard III. is already quite famous. It reviews the ground traversed by chroniclers histo-thus and critics, who have treated of the character and actions of this reputedly cruel King. It is said that "the youth of England take their theology from Milton and their history from Shakespeare. However this may apply to England's youths it is quite certain that the character of labbard III, as given by Shakespeare, i the character indelitily impressed upon the minds of Americans, youths and adults The name is synonymous with a deformer tyrant, who skulls around dark castle passages mordering everybody in reach with the abundon of meal eating, and, in his case, apparently more relish. Mr. Lodge attempts to emancipate us from this lides. He attempts a feat worthy of Samson. Tet, if you will patiently and attentively review the procession of au-thorities he marshals to combat the accepted to thoony of a subject of the Tudors you will incline to a faint-bearted feat that, after all, our life-loop delight in the incomparable example of an archimir learn the shodders and chills expended on the centersplation of his horrors, were wasted on a shadow, a fiction, a lie, that Eichard was not such a bad sort of fellow, either to the eye of to the measure of a test

One cannot but agree with Mr. Lodes to the vaster and uncounted multitude who go to the theater, there will never be but one Richard—the Richard of Shakespents. But the same art which has snown them the ernel, deformed, hypocritical terant, has shown them the man's atility and power, his force of will and his es courage. When the suprer mountait comes the popular sympathy is not with Henry, loudly procl semiments, but with his fierce antagonist The applicate and cheers which greet the final wene are not for the respectable Bickword, but for him who kills five Bickwords who enacts more wonders than a mar, and who dies King of England sed in by his enouges, as full of value as of royal blood; desperate in courage, as in all else: fighting grinly to the last, like & true Plantamenetl'

Shipkespeare's Americanisms writer shifts his ground a triffe. It is in reality an open letter to certain of our English critics, who seem to think that in chemitying certain words and purase Americanisms" they not only relieve themselves of all responsibilities for the existence of these offending parts of speech. but that they also in some mysterious may ner make them things apart and put ther outside of the pule of the English lar guage But this performance is not merely taifast it is ridiculous in this day when English is no longer morely "the Queen" English," for tuday English is spoken by more people who awa no allegiance to England's Queen than by those who do.

However, these "Americanisms" hav their justification, as Mr Loure points out. The English snear at our use of the interjection "Well."; of "a deck of cards" instead of "a pack?" haggage for lug paper trunk for box "to stage" for "to place upon the stage;" flaplack for large griddle cake: "Igu-ss" for "Ithink; "Bind" in the sense of "angry;" "sics In the sense of "Ill;" "to fire out," many others. Mr. Lodge carefully cite Statespeare for the use of every one of these words and phrases, not only single instances, but repeated uses. He suggests that the sattlers of Virginia and New England who came from England when th Queen's English was Stukespeare's English brought over these words and have been more loyal to the original than our cousins termes the water today. It is an interesting thefense of "Americanisms" and, if th English would but accord it careful consideration, there would be an end of their

The last every in the book is the only on beretofore unpublished. It is on "Our Foreign Policy," a topic which Senator Lode is privileged to discuss authoritatively. He surrenties ids position in his concluding paragraph: "The mission of the great American democracy is peace. We see no conquests and desire to interfere with other people. But that massion can be fulfilled only on the condition that we show ourselves strong and not weak; firm and not varifishing. As we respect the rights of others, so must all others respect our rights and the just control which we musexercise in the Americas."

Accompanying the volume is an "errata note, which is the more conspicuous and mentionable in that it is the first time within memory that the careful and ex-pert Harpers have been driven to the acknowledgement of errors in the text, for there have heretofare been none to go knowledge. (New York: Harper & Bro. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

The time was when a book by W. D. Bowells was an event. His stories then were or seemed, powerful and original, and denotive of a creat thinker, and a serr of it. erary Columbus, who cruised in heretofore

undared waters. He still adheres to his old ruising parts, but somehow the waves don't rock as of yore. There is a dead calm on. Last week a new Howelis book was pub lished. It is called "An Open-Eyed Conphracy. It came into the world with no nore selat than if it had been a literary foundling. There was no anticipation created by its announcement, and when it arrived at the bookmen's there was not of the old-time curiosty, in fact, deter-mination, to have the Howells book, as of yore. Can it be that Howells was a loose that blow up on popular wind and amonothiously burst? Or, in this case, doesn't the bulloon seem to have sprung leak, and to be slowly but perceptibly collapsing and descending? It is a sad

onsideration, this of the punctured Howell The "Open-Eyed Conspiracy" is "a Sara logaldyl." The characters are seven. The are the persons speaking, as the playbillsay, but there is a large backgroun of persons appearing. The conspiracy is evolved in the mind of Basil March, and his wife is the co-conspirator. They are a pair from the numberless who haunt er resorts, but they have learned the myth of a World of gaiety that doesn't exist, and the something that never happen The victims of the conspiracy are a Miss Gage and a Mr. and Mrs. Deering, all from a Northern provincial town. They came to Saratoga in quest of the World of gaiety, and remained in anticipation of the some thing that might happen. March appreciated how they were the victims of the common delusion. He conspired to gratify them He saw that the something that they ex pected to happen was about this: Ar rival, introductions, social business, numerous young men, one young manin par engagement of Miss Gage, Mrs Deering's return in a state of complete satisfaction, not being up to the emotion triamph. All this happened, but not in chance. It was all the result of March's

open-eyed conspiracy.
Thus far the story has a fair degree of value. Mr. Howells understands human kino, and he can dissect human character even if they be too commonplace to give the resultant interest. He has set out clearly a state of social depression which does exist at the summer resorts, and hi disclosure of the commonplaceness of it all is very vivid, but these same character isdes permeate his story. It is skim milk But he even goes to the despicable trick of watering his milk toward the last. Having effected a match between Mis-Gage and the young man in the case, and drawn her father out of his St. La even-moorlags and on to the scene, he proceed give us a situation. The father utterly refuses to accept the young man. Now, one says, this is Mr. Howells' opportunity. Here he will show his eleverness and show us how an obdurate, cross-grained proincial daddy can be won from his post-ion. But he don't. He dodges the tion. opportunity He backs down in the pages are written in the dust of the ficeing conspirator. The three-father, daughter the young man-are left in the corner of the plazza together, and he announces the result in the next paragraph. The attainment of this result was the one opportunity of his book, and Mr. Howells obliterated it between two paragraphs.

Of course, the father gave in. Mr. Howeils is a stickler for naturalism and

vivisects him as a husband; she makes a merry spectacle of the self-made man, the dyspertic, the too accurate man, the irre-sistible man and the stupid man. Following the trail of appreciative pencil marks through the book, the following list of bright lines is submitted as a skeleton of

the meaty and delicious book: "Conversation with the untrained man under thirty-five is impossible, because he never converses; he only talks. The an trained man desires to be amused. The trained man wishes to amuse. A man under thirty-five is in this world to be mad happy. The man over thirty-five desire

to make you happy.
"Girl-trained men and widowers are as near perfection as men can come. But beaven help the man who is girl-spoiled. "Men arealways saying, 'Well, why don't you telt us the kind of men you Would like us to be?" And their attitude whe they say this, is with their thumbs in the armholes of their Waistcoats. When a man is thoroughly satisfied with him be always expands his chest.

"A tritesaying has my sympathy. It generally is stupid and shopworn, and con sequently is banished to polite society and hated by the clever. And only because i possessed a soul of truth and a Wooderfu situlity has it been kept from dying long ago of a broken beart.

"If a girl receive three proposals, that, I am told, is a fair average. If she receive icn, she is either an beiress or a belle If she receive more than ten, she must visc in the West

"A Miss Nancy is a poet without genius one who has a talent for discovering the fineness of life, but who lacks the wit to keep his views from ridicule. "Many men make love because the girl is

convenient, and they happen to think about it. I wonder if a man ever deliberately made up his mind to marry and ther hunted up his ideal giri?
"It is really expecting too much of a wo-

an to ask her to bring up her husband and her children, too. "A bore is a man or a woman who never knows How or When.

"A man who talks constantly has a thou sand ways always at band by which t make a fool of himself. A silent man has Men have become famous as conversa-

tionalists who have only sat and looke admiringly at vivacious women. "There is only one way to get even with the tw accurate man, and that is, whe

he has finished his most exciting story, to say, 'And then what happened next?' "The painful accuracy which makes son men sucl deadly bores is a form of mone manta. It is the same sort of trouble which afflicts a kleptomaniac. She will stend the veriest trash, just so she can be stealing He hoards the most useless trifles mitil his mind is nothing but a garret filled with isolated bits of rubbish that nobody want to hear, unless one has an essay to write and then it is easier to consult the encycle

pedia. "Adaptability is a beaven-sent gift. It is like the straw used in packing china. It not only saves jarring, but it preserve worse disasters, and without it a man le oly safe when he is alone."

If some of these sound weaker than pron ised for them it is the fault of hasim taken them ruthlessly from a page of fused with Miss Bell's delightful atmophere. If the men who read some of then rebel, remember they are from "A Girl's Point of View." (New York: Harper & Brother, Washington: Woodward & Lott-

Miss fiell won her way to fame with he first book. "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," issued in 1893, which was protoptly accepted by the first publisher to whom H was offered, and that one Harper & Bros She has been no less successful in her subsequent career as a writer. Her second book "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," wa sought by more than one publisher and ap-



SENATOR LODGE.

realism and several other isms, but as he peared in 1895. It has been most favorably had not the courage to face the obliterated | received in England as well as here. Itsap situation, neither did he have the courage to face story conventions, and separate his lovers in the end. But what happened between those three in the corner of the porch? With that question light breaks in. The real conspirator is Howells, not March. He conspired to arouse our curiosity, even at the expense of being selieved a coward. (New York: Harper Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lo

The tending of Lillian Bell's last book, From a Girl's Point of View," is attended by a regret and a determination-regret no Love Affairs of an Old Maid," and "The Underside of Things," and the firm determination to beg, borrow or steal them at nce, and read them forthwith. In her new book she discloses herself a lovable waie. Her pen has a sheathed point, but there is a flaw in the sheath, and the pen tself has the smallest and finest and most icate point imaginable. Her cynicism is a combination of good humor, good sense and a good understanding of girls, for whom

she speaks, and men, of whom she speaks Now, such a woman as this is the hardest thing in the world to analyze. Besides we don't want to lose any time at this point in analysis; we are too busy enjoying. The best way to appreciate Miss Bell Is to read her book. You will find by the table of contents that she is fearless. It required in-domitable courage to tackle man in all his phases, moods, ages, weaknesses and the return of her parents to Chicago, from attempts. She grapples with him in the Deartorn Schningry. untrained condition under thirty-five; she ;

pearance abroad, published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., was followed shortly after by an English edition of her first book, which also won most favorable at tention

Mes Bell's third story, "The Underside of Things," was published last year and created a rather more favorable impression It is a charming love-tale, never flagging is interest from beginning to end; sprightly n style; with those touches of quain nor in character study for which the author is already famous.

The contents of "A Girl's Point of View," read her other two books, "The ref-red to hereinbefore, were published in ffairs of an Old Maid," and "The the Ladles' Home Journal, and provoked widespread interest at the time of their publication, which is likely to be extensively revived now that they appear in book form. Miss Bell's work has been so distinctive and strong and artistithat it is not difficult to hazard a state ment that her future work will runk her very high in the group of American novel

> Miss Bell was born in Chicago. Her girl hood was spent in the South, principally in Atlanta. There, at the age of seven, she was teading, and knew by heart "Stenping Heavenward"-the first book to which she became really intensely attached. Shakes pears she had already absorbed. With this knowledge, which was already far ahead of her years, she was totored under private instruction, and finally was graduated, after

Daring her schooldnys her literary ten

dencies developed, and she amused herself by writing the essays of her schoolmat Later she sentonsof her efforts to a newspaper, which immediately accepted her contribution. Her first effort at story writing was made when she was only eight years old. She resides in Chicago, and has but one brother and sister, to whom sh ledicated her last book. Miss Bell's life is still in the opening chapter. She has not yet reached her thirtieth birthday.

Miss Hell is now in Europe. She expects to be away for two years. She will live for several months in the vicinity of Berlin and also in Paris. Letters of travel and possibly a few short stories will comprise her contributions to American periodicals during her absence.

The accompanying portrait is from Wan-

him. Then he recited the story of the assegal, which once had belonged to the king of his energetic and adventurous youth. The narrative is spirited and engaging. Mixtord tells his stories without much pretense at literary polish, but they are cor-rectly told, and he has the coveted gift of scizing upon the reader's interest at once, and claiming it until be has spun his whole yarn and writes "finis." (New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Washington: Bren-

## LITERARY NOTES.

Henri Meilhac was a caricaturist before be became a dramatist, and it is said that e never left Paris.

The Whitman controversy is on again.



MISS LILLIAN BELL

amaker's Book News. It is from the same photograph which was used for the frontis page to her "A Girl's Point of View."

Close upon the hoels of the translation of Jules Clartie's "Brichanteau" comes a translation of his "The Crime of the Boule vard." This is the pattern of book that the Parisinns like. It is, in fact, the patstories, steeped in mystery, which is mic-

man's face. These photographs are the only clew to the murd-rer for they possess the reflection of the retina of the dead ever pair to an the theory of the retina retaining hopres-

sions in death the criminal may be found. To tell more would be to do the author an injustice. The denomenent and its process are most ingeniously worked out. If Clartie has a crisp, fluent, practical myle which interests, while it impresses the eader with the earnestness of the author He has written in "The Crime of the House vard" a detective story which will engage a large following. (New York: R. F. Fenno Washington: Woodward & Lothron.)

That delicate and delicious bit of re-print, the Ribelot, brings between its September covers a customarily rare offering. It is two sketches from Walter Pater's Studies of the Renaissance," one on Sando Eotticelli, the other on Luca Bella Robbia. These two studies are but a reflex of the whole of the "Studies," of which Mr. Mosher says: "There is no other book quite akin to it. It came at a time when, to say the best, no one was over burdened with a knowledge of that wonder as a wakening of Greek art and literature in Italy in the fifteenth century, since be come the common beritage of the race It is, mereover, a book convocative of the deepest imaginative moods. Walter Pater. we cannot too often insist, had a clairvoyant ense of the past; a mesmeric influence which found and will continue to find, re-ponsive acolytes." For this new introduction to Pater we cannot be too grateful to Mr. Mosber. He has chosen two of the audies most characteristic of the man of the age and movement be writes of and senutively appreciative of the subjects of the portraits. In the October number of the Hibelat will be set out two bits by Matew Arnold, "The Scholar Gypey" Thysis; a Monody," (Portland, Me. Thomas B. Mosher.)

"Jupiter Jingles: or a Trip to Mystery Land." is the title of an ornate little boo of verse and pictures for children. The author, Mrs. Annetta 8 Crafts, has displayed a measant talent for child verse and has applied it in a sensible way. She explains her purpose in "Jupiter Jingles in her preface.in which she remarks: "Th we of the grotesque is instinct in every hild, but it may be as easily gratific with the charming legends from the classics, with which every educated peron is bound to become familiar, as witthe story of the famous boy who 'sang for his supper, or of that unfortunate Lucy Locket. I would not deny to childhood the beloved companionship of the old-time nursery thy nest they are the legitimat first love of every childish heart; but who not serve, with nonsense, a little knowledge, slyly hidden?" This she has done very attractively and expertly. She hatold in monosyllable and child-rhyme the story of Japiter, Jove. June, Venus. Mars Apollo and the other deities of mythology cago: Laird& Lee. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

No one is working that field of ro which lies in the portion of South Africa known to us as Matabilliand with the sam energy or with anything comparable t the success of Bertram Mitford. Already he has drawn to himself a large circle of admiring readers by his two vivid romanues of South African adventure, "The White Shield" and "The Sign of the Spider." and low he advances with another claim to renewed consideration as the romancer pa excellence of this pre-empted literary dalm. It is another story of the Zulu, the Matabill, "The Kings of the Assegat."

The assegal is a spear of peculiar make nd form which the Zulus use in warfare. The assegal which the author found pre lously preserved by a patriarch among the savages was one of a fashion so fine and tempting to the collector that a large piece of gold was offered for it. Hat the old man replied that not a wagon lead of the precious metal would tempt it from There are half a dozen critics stamping about in the arena. The Chap Book is the

An English critic hits the nail squarely on the head when he replies to the query of the querelous question-mongers who re cently demanded why Tennyson and other poets had failed as dramatists. Because, be. Tennyem, in his hasts to be a dramatist, tern or took than Americans like; for it is forgot to be a playwright. There it is in a one of those clever, ingenious detective nutshell. Study it, Mr. Hovelis.

Stephen Crane Is writing a series of ar ed by an ingenious scientific device.

The story opens with the disclosure of the ghastly find of a tailor's wife in 4 longer's room overhead. The lodger has scenes at the railroad station, and his lodger's room overhead. The lodger has prone on the floar his throat cut from ear to ear, his dead hody saill warm. She his bargage and the necessity of hunting russics below and tells her husband. He runs for a police apquaintance an officer. Speaking or drive in a cab to the floate. Speaking or the property of the says: "I would laver had my runs for a police apquaintance an officer. Speaking or drive in a cab to the floate.

It is said that the highest price per word ever paid to an author was paid by Mesors man's eyes, and if there is anything in Sermor to Mr. Endyard Kipling for his the theory of the retina retaining hopes. the August number of Scribner's Maga me. The story numbers over 7,000 words and the pricepaid was about \$1,500). Thus, a me might suppose, covers all serial rights Twenty cents a word is said to be the high-water mark in author's pay, so far Mr. Kipling gets no such prices in his own As a rule, he is bought out right by an American publisher or editor. and resold to England.

The current volume of the Town and Country Library reproduces a novel by Singer." It is an attractive story and nove in presenting the farity of a story of the Weish. Mifanwy was at first a herd girl. but she leaves the Welsh mountains and in wide world she becomes a great singer But the world is small and in the end she ame back to the beginning and married ber first companion Ieuan, the companior of ber free, untutored childhood. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington Woodward & Lothrop.)

It is said that Ibsenism is on the Wane and with it is declining Biornsonish Well, so beit. But What a power the Loary headed Norwegian has been. As Heisenian said: "It is not a literary evolution which has burst under the aegis of literature. Al ready that revolution has done its work. The victory is complete. Phaenism, Bjornson's theories, are become a part of the con mon law. They are no longer disputed they are living! (vecues) . What a howl,' says Kichand, 'when "The Doll's louse" appeared! Today all our women think as Nora thought." It is announced that the title of Mark

Twain's book has been changed from "The Surviving Innocent Abroad" to "Follow ing the Equator." It is said on reliable authority that the price paid to Mr. Clem ens for this book is \$40,000, in payments of \$10,000 each, and that he will make the whole of it over to his creditors, to whom be owes about \$20,000 more. At the rate of \$40,000 a book, it will not take Mr. Clemens long to pay off this indebtedness. Major Pond has recently made him an offer of \$50,000 for a series of lectures is this country, but the offer has not been accepted, as yet.

French reviewers are finding some an ient, we hope, in their lengthy, and, it may be added, tardy arraignment America for tack of appreciation for Poe's genius. Perhaps, but the French would no appreciate it, they may have taken their quefrom the growest widespread tenaissans of Poeism in the United States, Such at undercurrent is certainly in evidence in cumerous white caps on the surface of events. His books are still selling well; some care has been given to his various residences; a drama of his life was recently written and finally a statue has been erected, or is this last as yet a plan embryonio?

We are threatened with an interminable list of "letters." Letters are good enough in their way; some are very excel-They throw light on obscure points of biography or character; they correct his tory and readjust mistakes, but the letter bunting fever has driven every one to the garret and the chests, and more trash is undusted than worthy material. The mere fact that a conspicuous name is signed to a letter does not give value to its whole weary length. This is all apart from the injustice done the departed writer of the letters, in which he has probably con cealed much that he wished hidden from all the rest of the world except himself and the person to whom he confides it.

A German monograph on Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," describes him in the title as "a forgotten poet of the eight centh century;" but an English exchange points out that so far is he from being for gotten that "during the present century there have been no less than twenty edi-tions of his poems, to say nothing of sepa-

rate editions of 'The Seasons;' while his forks, or portions of them - have been trous lated into German, Italian, modern Greek and Russian Only two years ago M. Leon Morel, in his 'J. Thomson, sa vie et sea ocuvres,' published an elaborate and ad nirable monograph on this forgotten poet. And now Mr. Tovey, who has just been ag pointed Clarke lecturer at Cambridge, bas given a new biography of him and a new edition of his works, making if I am not mistaken, the thirty-second memoir of him and the twenty-first edition of his works which have appeared since the beginning of the century. This is pretty well for a forgotten peet? The name of Maurice Maeterlinck's new

play is "Aglavaine and Selysette" The story runs that Meleander and Selysette have been married four years. We find hem, when the play opens, living in a castle of the strange Maeterlinek country then and how we know not. They are happy, but it is not quite the highest hap piness. Then comes Aglavaine, whom Meleander has known of old. She is mor cautiful than Selysette, and Meleande forgets Selysette in her presence. Neither wishes to wound little Selysette, but what will you when destiny decrees Algavaine, pitying Selysette, o go away, but Selvante, lifted by gne to heights she knew not of before is before hand with her, and dies by her own hand. affirming to the end that she did no intend it, so that the love of Melsander and Agiavaine may blossom unchecked On the surface, that is the story. Bot underneath there are lessons for all who can read, and the drama is unfolded with infinite beauty of thought, of word, and of deed, and mastery of dramatic technic. The Academy, inspired by this play, says book is a treasury of beautiful No one now writing loves beauty as M Maeterlinck does. Sheer, essential beauty has no such lover. He will have nothing else. Gentleness, sweet reason ableness, patience, resignation under grief. self-sacrifice; the old beatilindes of the evangensts are his, too. Into the world which he has created no harshness may enter, no acerbity, no conscious pettiness nothing, indeed, but beautiful thoughts eautiful words, beautiful actions, and seautiful pristakes for which he has endes pity and charity."

Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson readers of his story "Kidnapped," and lov rsof franknessingeneral will be pleasantly micrested in a letter which he wrote the Athenneum, a London literary periodical, in reply to some criticione made upon his tory. It reads: "I wish to thank you for your notice of 'Kidnapped,' and that not because it was kind, though for that also I valued it, but in the same sense as have thanked you before now for a hun-dred articles on a hundred different writers you who fight the good fight, con-tending with stopidity, and I would fair boye not all in vain; in my own case, for instance, surely notin vain. What you say of the two parts in 'Kidnapped' was fel by no one more painfully than by myself I began it partly as a lark, partly as a pot bolkr, and suddenly it moved. David and Also stepped out from the canvas, and l ound I was in another world. But ther was the cursed beginning, and a cursed on must be appended, and an old friend Byles, the Butcher, was plainly suitable tapping at the back door. So it had to go into the world, one part fat it does seen to me) alive, one part merely raivanized to work, only an essay. For a man of tentative method and weak health and carcity of private means, and not to outh of that frugality which is the artist' roper virtue, the days of sinecures and atrons box very golden, the days of pr essional literature very hard. Yet I d not so far deceive myself as to think nould change any character by changing by epoch; the sum of virtue in our book s in a relation of equality to the sum of cirtues in ourselves; and my 'Kninaupe. was doorned while still in the worth thile I was yet in the cradle, to be the thing It is."

## Two Englishmen

When the Duke of Marlborough arrive here two years ago the papers could not say enough about him. What he did and what 'm didn't do, where he went, and how e managed H, everything was recorded It was tresums way withthe Earlof Craver In addition to a daily bulletin, the letail of his wardrobe were provided. The week efore last the arrival of Lord Kelvin was announced. On that day a few paragraph as been nothing. The Duke of Marita an entirely decent and well-behaved ; our oan. So, too, is the Earl of Craven. Both sarried beiresses. Beyond that, neither of them had done and presumably nevrill do anything deserving of notice. Nevertheless, about each of them column and columns were written. Lord Kelvin is not alone decent and well behaved, belpublic tenefactor, one of the foremes dectricians and a prince of science. The absence of newspaper comment is therefore significant. If these young chaps get so such, why should be go bollow? Were yo o ask an editor he would say that the public is not interested. All the more share then to the public. Born William Thompsol accessively knighted and titled on ac of the value of his inventions, a self-made sobleman if ever there were one, a think interested solely in the progress of hi manity, Lord Kelvin is of no interest t he public because he is not engaged to an selvess and leaves Newport alone. circumstances the query arises, of how nany idiots is a newspaper public con posed?-Collier's Weekly

Over There in Kansas. Papers have a lot to say, Specin' like, o' Kansas, Welt it to 'em every day, Chuckin' fon at Kansas . Air jes'fullo' slanderdarts From the basy Eastern maris-'Nuff to break the people's hearts Over there in Kansas.

Say that's where cyclones are born, On the plains o' Kansas, Every word a word o' scorn For the folks in Kansas . Hoppers darkenin' the son, Dozen of 'em weigh a ten. Seem to think it's lots o' fun Crackin' jokes at Kansas.

Now it's come their time to laugh, Them 'av folks in Kansas, Givin' Easterners the gaff 'Bout affairs in Kansas Fields a bulgin' out with wheat, Corn fur all the world to eat Other crops that can't be beat, Over there in Kansas.

Trains a-bautin' out the stuff From the plains o' Kansas, Railroads can't git cars enough For to empty Kansas. Orr to see the farmers grin, Stroke the blacs on their chin, As the cash comes rollin' in. Over there in Kansas.

Women singin' songs o' gice Bout of fruitful Kansas, Bables crowin' mercily Everywhere in Kousas Purty gals a-buyin' clothes Toggin out from head to toes, Style? You bet your life she goes Over there in Kansas.

When the cares e' day are done On the plains o' Kansas, An' the kids begin to yawn, Sleepy like, in Kansas, Farmer wipes his glasses blurred, Reads a chapter o' the Word, Then theels down and thanks the Lord That he lives in Kausas.

-Denver Post.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

There are people who seem to regard their children as a sort of fringe on their garients, something entirely and absolutely under their control and made for their credit and use. Out in western Pennsylvania two little fellows, thirteen and fourteen years of age, ranaway from bome not long ago because their father had thrashed them. They had bought a tame on w with the contents of their savings bank, and for this terrible crime they had been thrashed. In the same State another buy jumped into the river to save the life of a pla ymate. He succeeded, and went bome, dripping but triumphant, and forgetting that he had been tool not to go hear the water. He was sound's punished for his disobedience. Another youth, nearly twenty year of age, ventured to express an opinion contrary to that of his father at the areakfast table, whereupon the paternal censor total the boy to take his plate and go and cat his meals in the kitchen until further orders. This the boy, having been all his life unter his father's thumb, meekly did; but one can-not bein feeling that for the mke of the younger brothers in that family, the wary younger insters in that family, the very best thing which could happen might be a good-sized family tow. Some compassion, however, is due these fool parents. They were plobably brought up under that same perty symmy themselves and abtained their freedom too late in life to learn good sense.

Playful young gentlemen, who have an beath at the life of a new spaper correspondent is one of frisky freedom and unlimited because with their neighbors' reputations, should profit by the experience of a Minne apolis youth, atenographer to the editor in chief of a paper. This young man had an idea that it would be fun to write for the newspapers. His employers agreed that is might be fen for him, but they did not think he could suit them as a writer. In an exit oment, however, the local correspondent of a New York paper went off for his vacu-tion, and left the ambitious youth directions to pick up any real live items be could. Of course, the coungster was delighted. He posed his nose into every reputable and disreputable place where news could be gathered during the next twenty-four hours. And he discovered that a Minneapolis bust non-man had been naughty, and that his wife did not like it, nor, that their inti-mate friends. The young man fairly ran back to the office and thumped his writing machine for a couple of hours, and sent the result flying to the New York paper. The inster journal thought it was a little queer, but probably all right, and they printed the story. On, then and there was horrying to and fro, and parth and maledictions and had language, and weeping and guashing of teeth. The business man threatened to kill the ambitious youth, and the ambitious youth shook day and night. Seeing his terror, the other fellows on the paper put up a little job on him, and one afternoon. while the stenographer was working as well as his nervousness would let him, a bloodthirsty individual stated into the room clamoring for his blood. The young man beggedfor mercy, but in valu. Justin the nuk of time the other fellows in the office tushed in and saved him from the villain, and the victim of the loke made a breakforthe backdoor. He will never write ewspaper articles about a man's private life again He goes in and out of the build ing by the back door, and speaks around us if he were afraid of being seen. But he has learned a very important lesson, and that is, that a man's private life is not always at the marry of a gossip simply because that mostly performs in print.

Periodically, in the columns of fashion tters, from the saints know where, there are some startling combination of color and form which is autooniced as the forth coming style. People who know no bet-ter get frightened, and wonder how in the worfd they ever can wear such a thing, and finally decide to wait till the fashion becomes general. As the rest of the public is meantime doing the same thing, the style never does become general, and the new garment gently fades into a dream of the past. One of these new fashions is at present being heralded as the London waistout model. It is a double breasted thing out low, with a wide collar. It is made of onlard silk, and the buttons are big and of mother of pearl. The characteristic feaof the silk, which much resembles that of the old-fashioned willow pattern china. plarmed three or four times. waistcoats are in brown, black, red and idue on a pattern of cream sik. willow pattern waistcoat is quite con spicaous. If the new fashion should really obtain, we should have young men going around with weeping-willow trees and hinese pagodas and funny little bridges depicted on their clothes. Old gentlemen with a large extent of waistcoat, would went whole villages of houses with peaked ports, and small river systems purling around their expansive walsts. The appearance of a company of gentlemen, all wearing the new waistcoat, would be like company of Chinese mandarins or aninated paper lanterns. But people with a proper respect for their taste need not worry. The fashion will never become general.

Several years ago there was more or ess lively discussion over the question of the reading of the Bible in our public chools. It was asserted by many people that this would not agree with the spirit of the Constitution and it was asserted by other people that the nation could not continue to exist unless the libble was read in the public schools. But there now arises a citizen who writes to one of the metropolitan dailies, mildly suggestion that morals and manners should be reade an important ele-ment of public school training, whether or not the Bible is read. He remarks that if boys. and girls can be educated to absolute honesty, truthfulness, charity and temperance it will help the next generation siderably. As a rule these things do re-ceive attention in our schools. The chief difficulty is that they are not sufficiently emphasized in the outside world. It is not of much use for a boy to be taught at school that he must tell the exact tenth, if he goes at sixteen into a business house where a fittle dishonesty of dealing is expected of him. Neither is it productive of all the good results that might be hoped for if he is laughed to scorn when he comes to the age of voting because he is too particular to be practical. Still, ethical teaching anywhere by anybody in a good thing, and should be encouraged; and it does not altogether depend on the uding of verses from the Bible.

A New York man pathetically advertises for a flat where there is a bath in which the bather can get Wet. He wants too much. The average flat dweller plants missonette in his.

A good many people have wondered over the astoniahing productiveness of Scotch haloct writers. It now appears, however, that S. R. Crockett, who has been one of the most prolific, has two typewriting machines and writes 5,000 words before breakfast. Does be write on one chine with each band, and if so, how?

Slung as It Was and Is. The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated in a recent incident at the Chautauquo assembly, when the teacher of Englishiliterature asked: "What is the meaning of the Shake-spearing phrase 'Go to?" and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century's expression of the modern 'Come off!' " The two phrases, while ap-

mean the same thing .- Albany Argus